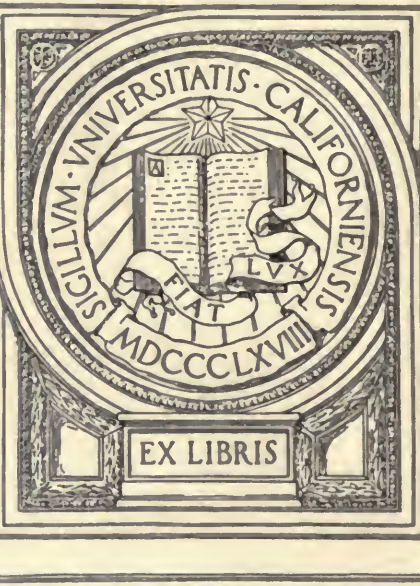
PS
536
Y12p
1900

A
A001 220 292
5
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

Yale University Prize Poem

1900

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros., Inc.
Makers
Stockton, Calif
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

YALE UNIVERSITY PRIZE POEM

1900

YALE UNIVERSITY PRIZE POEM

1900

THE MOTHER'S SLEEP

BY

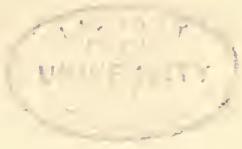
CHARLES ALEXIS KELLOGG, JR.

NEW HAVEN
THE TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR CO.
1900

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES LIBRARY

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY, DAVIS

536
Y12p
1900



PREFATORY NOTE

This poem received the third award of the prize offered by Professor Albert S. Cook to Yale University for the best unpublished verse, the committee of award consisting of Professors Charlton M. Lewis, George E. Woodberry, and Charles F. Richardson.

235130

THE MOTHER'S SLEEP

I

Soft-borne and drowsy, muffled in the dark,
The sheepfold's tinkling rises ; in long notes
The cowherd drones his call ; and, floating faint
From a distant hilltop, horn-blasts swell and die.
The oaks have ceased their rustling and are still,
Save for the dreamy twittering deep within.
In heaven the little, lonesome clouds are pale
With wandering, and nestle to their rest,
Unhoused. All garish lights are hid, and night
Is kindling soft-flamed watch-fires o'er the Earth.
Closing her weary eyes, and drawing close
Her darkling robe, the Earth breathes soft and sighs,
And sinks asleep. I would that I, too, slept.

II

O would that I might sleep
And dream like the Mother dreaming ;
So wondrous calm and deep,
A sleep that is past our deeming !

We close our gloom-pressed eyes ;
Our souls are for ever waking.
We couch our limbs, and rise
With hearts that are ever aching.

And all our wish is rest,
Short rest and a little slumber,
That we may fight our best
Through battles that have no number.

III

The sleep of the Mother is dewy and soft,
And balms from her breath arise
As sweet as the honey-flowered locust aloft,
And fresh as the morn-streaked skies.

Her bosom is calm, and her breathing is still
And soft as the sea-breeze blows ;
But deep in her breast is a wondrous thrill
Like that in an unblown rose.

And all through the dark swells the joy in her breast
To burst with the rose-rimmed light
In bird-caroled pæans of joy for her rest,
And joy for her fresh-limbed might.

The lovely-haired goddess all-radiant springs
To greet with a song the morn ;
" The toils of the ages are nothing " she sings,
" Then hail to the toils unborn ! "

IV

Great Mother, may it be
That, when the life-springs cease flowing
And men return to Thee,
They enter that sleep past knowing?

A sleep which, full and strong,
Is deep, yet prepares a waking;
For though the night be long
The morn will again be breaking,

And we shall have our rest,
Sweet rest and a welcome slumber,
And rise to fight our best
Through battles that have no number.

V

The Earth sleeps on. The sheepfold now is hushed;
No horn-blast wakes an echo; all the birds
Are mute and dreaming—save the owl, whose notes,
Forlorn and querulous, bemoan her lot
Of outcast. Cradled on the sky's broad breast
Float still the cloudlets, now not pale, but topped
With shade, and downy-bosomed. Star-fires wane;
The eastern heaven is filled with liquid light;
And lo, the great-eyed moon upthrusts her head
Above yon hill and stares across to this.
Softly she cometh—not to wake but watch
The Sleeper. Slow she mounts and peers below.
The darkness melts and passes from the vales;
The meadow-lands are mellowed in the light;
Even the grim and black-browed forests smile,
Grow radiant, and drink deep the silver flood.

235130

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 001 220 292 5